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MEMOIR OF THE LATE CHARLES KEAN.

(Continued from page 582.)

After a summer visit to Dublin, in company with his father, we find Charles in the following autumn fulfilling a brief engagement at the Haymarket, where he made his first "hit" as Sir Edward Mortimer, in the drama of *The Iron Chest*. For the first time he felt that he had succeeded. "The papers afforded him positive praise; but he could scarcely believe it real."

In the spring of 1830 he made a flying visit to Amsterdam and the Hague, only to be fleeced by an adventurer named Aubrey, who promised him £20 a week, but suddenly decamped without giving any of the actors he had lured from England a shilling of their salaries.

Charles had by this time acquired that ease and self-reliance which varied practice and an intimate familiarity with what is known as "stage business" are calculated to inspire. He therefore determined to seek his fortune in America. He appeared at the Park Theatre, New York, as Richard III., in the beginning of September 1830. His reception was friendly in the extreme. He played Hamlet, Romeo, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Sir Giles Overreach before crowded audiences. His success, gratifying as it was to himself, was hardly less so to his transatlantic critics, whom it furnished with an additional opportunity for renewing their old boast that New York is the essay-office for testing the intellectual ore of the Britishers.

Charles spent two years and a half in a tour through the United States. In addressing a Waterford audience, at a much later period of his career, when he had acquired a great position, he alluded to himself and his American friends in the following terms:—

"Thrown before the public, by untoward circumstances, at the early age of sixteen and a half, encompassed by many difficulties, friendless and untutored, the efforts of my boyhood were criticized in so severe and spirit-crushing a strain, as almost to unnerve my energies and drive me despairingly from the stage. The indulgence usually extended to novices was denied to me. I was not permitted to cherish the hope that time and study could ever enable me to correct the faults of youthful inexperience. The very resemblance I bore to my late father was urged against me as an offence, and condemned as being 'strange and unnatural.' Sick at heart, I left my home and sought the shores of America. To the generous inhabitants of that far land I am indebted for the first ray of success that illuminated my clouded career."

Returning to England in 1833, he was engaged by M. Laporte for Covent Garden Theatre, at a salary of £30. On the 25th March in that year his father and he acted together for the first, and, as it was fated to prove, the last time in London. The play was *Othello*—the Moor, as usual, by Edmund Kean, Iago by Charles Kean, and Desdemona by Miss Ellen Tree. Barry Cornwall gives a pathetic account of the scene that ensued—as sad a one as was ever witnessed upon the stage. Edmund Kean, now irretrievably bankrupt in health and spirits, broke down in the middle of the play. "On concluding the celebrated 'Farewell'—which he uttered with all his former tenderness—his head sank upon his son's shoulder, and the tragedian's acting was at an end." Charles assisted by the other actors, carried him off the stage into the dressing-room. He rallied, and was removed to his house at Richmond, in Surrey, where having been previously reconciled to his wife, he died on the 15th May, 1833. Some controversy has oddly enough arisen, since the death of Charles Kean, as to the particular theatre which was the scene of his father's last appearance upon the stage, some affirming that it was Drury Lane, others Richmond, and others Covent Garden. Mr. Cole, and several witnesses who state that they were present on the occasion, concur in naming Covent Garden.

Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Wife* was brought out about this time at Covent Garden, and Charles Kean's performance of Leonardo, of which part he was the original representative, produced so favourable an impression that Mr. Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane, sounded him upon the subject of an engagement, hinting that in all probability he would be able to procure for him £15 a week. "No," replied the young actor, "I will never again set my foot on a London stage until I can command my own terms of £50 a night." "Then, Charles Kean," rejoined Mr. Bunn, with a smile, "I fear you may bid a long farewell to London, for the days of such salaries are gone for ever." "Time rolled on," writes his biographer, "and at the expiration of five years only, during which he had received £20,000 by acting in the country, he drove to the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre in his own carriage, with a signed engagement at £50 a night in his pocket, and which engagement for upwards of 40 nights was paid to him by the very man who had predicted its impossibility."

A visit to Dublin, where he was welcomed with the utmost cordiality, and a brief excursion to Hamburg with a well selected English company, under the direction of Mr. Barham Livius, Miss Tree being the heroine of the dramatic corps, were the chief events in the autumn of 1833.

The time was now rapidly approaching when, despite the obstacles which had beset the earlier stages of his career, Charles Kean was to

occupy that exalted rank in his profession to which his ambition had from the first aspired, and for which his great abilities fully qualified him. A long tour through all the most important theatrical circuits of the United Kingdom increased his income and did immense service to his reputation. An offer of an engagement at Covent Garden reached him while he was acting with great success at Cork. It was a tempting offer, and all the more so for the courteous language in which it was couched by Mr. Macready. But Kean, as he may now be called (his father's death having left him sole owner of the name) was under terms to Mr. Bunn, and was therefore compelled to decline the invitation. After an absence of nearly five years he came back to London at the close of 1837, and on the 8th of January in the following year appeared at Drury Lane in the character of Hamlet. The fame of his provincial successes had gone before him, and the anxiety of the London playgoers was intense and universal. Study had brought out his histrionic talents in all their richness and variety of power, and practice had given polish and brilliancy to his style. His triumph was complete. The audience, so numerous as to cram the house from the floor to the roof, were enthusiastic beyond all precedent in the expression of their applause, and their favourable opinion was corroborated by all the most influential journals of the day. He found himself famous. His success in Hamlet, a part which has always been regarded as the crucial test of a Shaksperian actor, was the turning-point in his career. Now at last the tide had set in his favour, and he was fairly before the wind. A few critics, indeed, dissented from the common verdict of approval, and continued to do so for many years after; but the general judgment both of the press and of the public was rapturously in his favour. Offers of engagements showered in upon him from all quarters, and the greatest literary celebrities of the age vied in offering him their congratulations. He continued to play at Drury Lane for 43 successive nights, appearing, however, in only three different characters—the same characters in which John Philip Kemble made his first appearances at Covent Garden, acting them in the same order. From a statement published by Mr. Bunn, in his book entitled *The Stage Before and Behind the Curtain*, it appears that the receipts during Charles Kean's engagement fell little, if at all, short of those realized during a corresponding period by his father. "There was, in fact," says Mr. Bunn, "but slight difference in the attraction of either—a coincidence without a parallel in the history of the stage."

The hostility evinced in a few quarters only served to evoke the devotion of Kean's friends and admirers, who, under the presidency of the Marquis of Clanricarde, gave him a public dinner in the saloon of the theatre on the 30th of March 1838, and presented him with a silver vase of great worth and elaborate beauty. This was the second gift of the kind he had received, his fellow townsmen in Waterford having sent a deputation to London in 1836 to request his acceptance of a piece of plate of considerable value.

From this period forward the story of Charles Kean's professional career was one unbroken series of successes. There was, to be sure, as already noted, a band of critics of the Faddaden school who still held aloof, and would not discern his merit, but the people were with him heart and soul, and the most distinguished critics had no difficulty in endorsing the popular judgment. After a brief visit to Edinburgh, where he was received with enthusiasm and cleared £1,000 by a single engagement, he returned to Drury Lane, and appeared with success in *Othello*. He then set out upon another tour through the United Kingdom, in which "praise and profit accompanied him as his inseparable travelling companions." His next appearance in London was in the summer of 1839, when he played at the Haymarket under Mr. Webster's régime, his remuneration being £50 a night and a benefit. This was a farewell visit preparatory to his departure for America. From New York, where he performed at the National Theatre, then under the management of Mr. James Wallack, he proceeded to Boston, and thence to the Havana, the state of his health requiring a mild climate. In mid-summer of 1840 we find him again in London fulfilling another engagement at the Haymarket, at which house he also appeared in the "season" of the two following years, his fame and fortune steadily advancing together. His repertory of characters had of late years greatly extended, but Hamlet, Richard III., Shylock, Romeo, Macbeth, and Claude Melnotte were the parts in which he most frequently sought the suffrages of London playgoers. During his third engagement at the Haymarket he performed the "Stranger" for the first time in London. The simultaneous appearance at another house of Mr. Macready in the same character suggested the following epigram:—

"On those cocks of the scene,
Macready and Kean,
We thus may decide without danger—
Throughout all its range,
Though Macready is strange,
Yet Kean of the two is the 'Stranger.'"

The happiest event in the life of Charles Kean was his marriage on

the 29th of January, 1842, with Miss Ellen Tree, one of the most accomplished actresses on the British stage. They were married at St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, and on the evening of the same day they appeared together at the Theatre Royal, in Tobin's comedy of *The Honeymoon*, a happy but purely accidental coincidence. Thenceforward the professional as well as domestic careers of these eminent artists ran in the same current. They spent two years in England, appearing in 1843 at the Haymarket, and in 1844 at Drury Lane, where *Richard III.* was produced under Kean's direction in a style of unprecedented splendour. In the following year they embarked together for the United States, where they remained for a couple of years. During this tour, which was highly beneficial to their fame, they produced *King John* and *Richard III.* with a beauty of scenery and a richness and accuracy of decoration previously unknown upon the American stage. They also brought out Mr. Lovell's drama of *The Wife's Secret*, a charming play, which on their return to London, was performed with great *éclat* at the Haymarket, where it had a run of 36 nights. Towards the close of 1848 Kean was selected, "without any solicitation on his part," to conduct the Royal theatricals at Windsor Castle—an arduous and delicate task, which he performed, then and for some years afterwards, with such skill and good taste as to give complete satisfaction to Her Majesty, who honoured him with a private audience, and presented him with a diamond ring. On the 30th of March in the same year, he lost his mother, to whom he had always been fondly attached. She died at Keydell, near Horndean in Hampshire, the country residence of her son, on a small estate he had purchased in 1844, and where she found a happy retreat during the closing years of her chequered and eventful existence.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC IN JENA.

Thanks to the Academical Concert Committee, writes a correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, the celebrated Swedish Vocal Quartet, consisting of Herren Köster, Ellbrj, Luthermann, and Ryberg, who lately sang at Weimar, where they were so successful that they visited it a second time, have sung here as well, and afforded the greatest satisfaction. In fact, the concerts they gave, on two different evenings, in the Rosensaal, before very numerous audiences, fully justified the reputation which had preceded them. The fresh, sonorous, well-trained voices at their command, the harmonious agreement of the same—for the four members of the quartet have worked together till they have become, artistically speaking, part and parcel of each other—their nicety of execution, extending to the smallest details, the fire and power, as well as the softness and charm that they infuse into their singing, constitute a combination of qualities producing a rich, pleasing, and compact whole, which cannot fail to exercise a pleasing and elevating effect upon their hearers, and which undoubtedly did exercise such an effect on the occasions in question, for there was no want of loud and enthusiastic applause. They sang, "Evening Song," by Kuhlau; Swedish National Melodies, arranged by Ohlsson; "Taren" ("Tears"), by Witt; a Serenade, by Josephson; Swedish National Stanzas, arranged by Ohlsson and Södermann; "Aston-n" ("Evening"), by Werner; "Evening Song," by Hartl; "Suomi-Finland Song" ("Suomi's Song"), by Pacius; "Bruderfården in Hardanger" ("Bridal Procession in Hardanger"), by Kjeruff; "Serenade," by Fryberg; "Min lilla vrb bland bergen" ("My little Place in the Mountains"), by Sandsröm; "The Joyous Musicians," by Riccius; "Serenade," by Wetterling; and "Gute Nacht," by Schumann. On the evening of their first performance, they gave, over and above the pieces set down in the programme, the original and hearty Thuringian national song, "Ach wie ist es möglich dann," but their rendering was deficient in that earnestness and warmth which this genuine German song requires, though the effect at which they aimed by singing behind the scenes was partially attained. The *al piacere*, too, employed by them in certain passages, does not suit the spirit of so simple and unaffected a composition.

Worthy of mention is the performance of the band belonging to the second battalion of the Ninety-Fourth Regiment (Grand Duke of Saxony) in garrison here. They played, at the first concert given by the Swedish singers, several pieces, including an *aria* from Herr von Flotow's *Martha*; "Farewell to the wood," "O Thäler weit, o Höhen," by Mendelssohn; and, "Alp-nlied," by Diethe, all arranged for a military band. Considering the comparatively short time they have been together, they acquitted themselves very well, and did great credit to their talented conductor, Herr Compter.—An interesting concert of sacred music was lately given, in the church of St. Michael, under the direction of the Town Cantor, Herr Stegmann. The pieces executed were mostly by old composers.

HAMBURG.—M. Massé's opera, *La Belle Galathée*, has been produced.

BOHEMIANISM.

The pleasant days of Bohemian bach-lorhood are looked back upon with regret by many a man for whom the *uzor* has proved the reverse of *placens*. And most of us can remember a friend of our youth, whose Bohemian disposition was his special charm, the possessor of "a snug little kingdom up four-pair of stairs," as Thackeray called it, the place of which he tells us—

"Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog, made of rich Latakia,
This chamber is pleasant to yon, friend, and me."

Bohemianism may be excused in youth, as long as it is not unduly exalted; but nothing can be said in favour of a Bohemian old age. For a man past the prime of life to be still indulging in the pleasures of youth, to be sowing a perennial crop of wild oats, shows that his existence has been wasted, and that his work in the world has been left undone. The follies that we can forgive in the young become intolerable in old age. An old Bohemian should be scouted and avoided. "Once we have come to forty years," our sojourn in Bohemia should be at an end. A curious instance of the Bohemianism of youth giving place to a decorous manhood is to be found in many a hard-working medical man. Medical students, as a rule, are the most determined supporters of a Bohemian life; and yet we find them settling down into respectable members of an important and responsible profession. Artists, too, are, in their youthful days, great believers in the joys of Bohemianism; but when they become prosperous, they abandon the uncertain delights of Bohemia for the securer and more tranquil pleasures of domestic life. Writers of fiction have grossly exaggerated the Bohemian propensities of artists, and few people know how hard and indefatigably some of them work.

But our special complaint against the writers who glorify this manner of living is, that they are fond of making literary men their typical Bohemians, and inducing a belief in the mind of the public that Bohemianism is the special characteristic of those who follow the profession of letters. As regards a certain class of *littérateurs*, unfortunately, such a belief would be in accordance with the truth. There are some writers—we had almost said scribblers—who make a boast of Bohemianism, and whose chief glory is that they are without the pale of society.

In most cases, they are men who have risen from the ranks of journalism, and who seem to think it almost an intension when any man, with either the birth or education of a gentleman occupies himself with newspaper work. To such an extent has this feeling been carried, that there is, we believe, a club in London, with a name indicative of the uncultivated manners of its members, which exists solely to uphold this Bohemian characteristic of journalists. The members of it are mostly obscure writers, who plume themselves upon the production of Cockney witicism, and who are not *sans reproche* in the matter of clean linen. They hold an ignoble conviviality to be the greatest pleasure of life, and a burlesque to be the greatest literary effort of which any man is capable. They are haunters of the green-room and the stage-door, and are proud to enrol second-rate actors among their number. They have a perfect right, of course, to indulge themselves in any way they please, and to set up any standard of conduct which may seem good to them. But they, and others who hold their opinions, have disseminated a belief that such an existence is the normal condition of any man who writes; that Bohemianism is the general accompaniment of literary work. And this has contributed, in a great measure, to make the position of a journalist in this country very inferior to that which he would have obtained on the Continent. Of course, the anonymous system gives a man less chance of individual reputation than he would have were articles signed, as in France; but it is the reputation of journalists, as a class, to which we specially allude. And the stigma of Bohemianism which is attached to them, owing to the conduct of certain men among their number, has done more than anything else to make that reputation a somewhat unsavoury one. Newspaper-men, we fear, as a rule, hardly possess sweetness and light enough to satisfy Mr. Arnold.

There is, however, a fashion in this, as in everything else, and Bohemianism is, we believe, dying out. What Mr. Swinburne calls the "lilies and languors of Virtue" are asserting their supremacy over even the "rapture and roses of Vice." Respectability, social position, and a balance at your banker's, are beginning to be the objects of legitimate ambition. A shock head of hair and no visible linen are no longer considered the indispensable attribute of a man of genius; and a disregard of the ordinary rules of society receives a harder name than eccentricity. It is well that this should be so. Work in the world is increasing for every man. And those who make "gasit midnight" life's true noon, as a Bohemian poet sings, will find that the morning will bring a more lasting repentance for the follies of the night, than such as can be washed away in sherry and seltzer.—*Imperial Review*.

FAIRIES IN THE ROUGH.

(From the "London Review.")

They who are possessed by the fatal demon of curiosity—the demon who cuts open all the sounding drums of life, and leaves them only bits of wood and shattered parchment—may at Christmas-tide witness a singular spectacle outside the stage door of certain of our theatres at a particular time of the forenoon. There is a troop of dingly-clad girls, with complexions not particularly bright, and with hands which would be the better for a little washing, waiting there for admittance. They are the raw material of pantomimers. They are waiting to be turned into the mill which by-and-bye, shall turn them out again so that their own mothers may not know them. The contemplative eye anticipates the transformation. Are these wretched-looking creatures milliners out of work, gathered together from the humble homes in Clerkenwell, and Lambeth, and Shoreditch? Of a surety, no! There are there peas-blossom, belladonna, hyacinth, thistle-down, rosebloom, h-litrope, jonquill, and gossamer, attendants on the fairy freedom, Queen of the "Good Little People." There are in the same glorious company of pre-genital angels a group of sylvan fays, almost undistinguishable from their sisters; and hanging about their skirts, playing rude games, and annoying passers-by, are small boys, who, being passed through our magical mangle, shall come out as a strange army of elfin gardeners, clad in green, with pickaxes, shovels, and barrows, all heralded in with mysterious music. Why should human nature have such an incomprehensible desire to become a Peeping Tom, and linger about the "wings" in order to see the strange procession shorn of its ordinary trappings? When the necromancer fires a watch out of a saloon-pistol, or makes a pudding in the nearest gentleman's hat, why should little boys be so anxious to "know how it is done?" If one goes into the pit of a theatre now-a-days, one listens to a new style of criticism. In olden times the rude multitude was prone to hiss a stage actor, or cry over the pathos of a good one. Now we are all critics of another sort. We hear only, "L-w, Tom, that fellow must 'ave paid a sight o' money for that red cloak." "'Arry, don't you think it would pay to 'ave the pit a sixpence dearer," and the gallery a sixpence cheaper?" "Don't she use paint, now!" "Is it a wig, 'Arry, or her own hair?" "There's a get-up! 'ow can she afford it out of her salary?" "There's no man in London 'ill touch 'im at puttin' on eye-brows and whiskers." This is the sort of running criticism one hears in the pit—and, in the stalls, too, translated into more correct, but worse articulated, language. We do not believe in the illusions of the stage now. We have got beyond that. We know how it is all done, and we speculate on the cost of it, and how it will affect others. For we always postulate an imaginary public to whom the play is addressed.

The interest, therefore, with which most people regard new pieces and new pantomimes, is confined to ascertaining the amount of polish the raw material will receive. We are supposed to know all about the preliminary processes. In imagination we see those wretchedly-clad girls marshalled before the ballet master, posturing themselves painfully, and submitting like lambs to his very vigorous talk. We see the small, white-faced children taught to stand on one leg in the middle of a gigantic silver oyster, threatened with instant dismissal if they sway or stumble. We see the elfin gardeners being drilled by the stage-manager, and by the fairy who is to lead them forward. We see the men who are to do the comic business come on the stage and perform their horse-play in fustian jackets instead of gorgeous masks. We hear the Princess Prettyfeet herself, clad in a warm shawl, and twirling her bonnet on one finger, sing that extraordinary medley to an empty theatre, behind footlights without gas, and to an orchestra that is checked every few minutes by the leader in order to improve the time. We are familiar with all the tricks of carpentry, and are connoisseurs in gas-work. When, at length, Boxing-night shows us the skeleton, galvanized and in motion, we are acquainted with all his hidden anatomy. We study his strides, and calculate how much his tuition cost. We applaud the efforts at stage-effect which pass our comprehension—a new water-fall, an ingenious trap-scene, or an occult ghost. There is a story told, probably without the least foundation, of a stage-manager who, when the falling of the curtain was followed by a burst of applause from all sides of the house, was at his wits' end to know whether it was the chief performer or the limelight which the audience desired to recall. If a stage-manager is at all successful, he wins our sympathies at once, for we know the difficulties with which he has had to grapple. Who has not undergone the melancholy experience of sitting beside some prematurely-old young man who has studied theatrical matters, and is competent to pronounce an authoritative judgment? How he sneers at the calves of our darling Princess Prettyfeet, and asks why she did not go to a better maker? How he knows the articles which have been got on hire from Bow Street! He pooh-poohs the Enchant-d Valley as a crib from a '61 pantomime! How he sneers at the selection of music, and shows you where the "Wedding March," should have come in! How he abuses the stinginess of the

manager in using last year's masks, with the addition of a coat of paint. But sometimes our critic suffers himself to be silent, and then you know something extraordinary must be taking place. Is it the wonderful precision of the ballet? Is it their costume? Or is it the real diamond bracelet which the Princess Prettyfeet wears so deftly.—a tribute of public gratitude regarded with a sore heart by the curly-headed page, who is now a Government clerk, seated in a distant box, with two or three tiny nephews and nieces around him? Alas! there are no more illusions for him. He has "drunk the milk of paradise" once upon a time, but the cup is henceforth empty. He follows his fellows, and becomes a victim of the analytic mood.

MUSIC AT COLOGNE.

(From our Original Correspondent.)

On Friday and Saturday last, the King of Prussia honoured Cologne with a Royal visit, and to the entertainments provided to welcome the beloved monarch, the music contributed its brilliant share. On Friday evening the direction of our splendid botanical Garden-Flora, having given a great fête to Her Majesty, which included a splendid illumination, a supper, and a great fireworks, the *Kölner Männer-gesangsverein* under the leadership of Herr Musikdirector Weber, sang many choruses with great brilliancy. A four-parts chorus expressly composed for the occasion, met with a special approbation on the part of the King as well as the public. A Tenor Solo with chorus sung by an Amateur Herr Wolf, pupil of Signor Marchesi, produced a great sensation, and at the end of it the Royal guest expressed his high satisfaction in a most flattering manner to the singer. The King being a special patron of the *Kölner Männer-gesangsverein* was extremely kind towards the leader as well as the members of it.

The public examinations at our Conservatoire took place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday last, giving once more evidence of the excellence of the real artistic organization and direction (under Dr. F. Hiller) of this first rate musical establishment. The best pupils of the Professors Rudorff, Seiss, Gernsheim (pianoforte) were "die Herrn Hegmann, Bromberger, Rittershausen, Diekmann, as well as "die Damen Walchner, Michiels, and Reumeg-n. In the violin classes of König-low and Sapha were prominent "die Herrn Rumpelmann, Alekotto, and Borberg. In the singing classes of Signor and Mme. Marchesi, among many fine voices and promising talents, the Ladies Wilkens (from London), Burehuere, Kneiss, Zimmermann, Weise, Resch and Lesca (an English Lady) were extremely successful. No doubt you will make very soon the acquaintance of this last named very distinguished new English singer, who, as I hear, is going home next month. A very first rate Barytone, Herr Mann from Bremen made a decided sensation. Mme. Marchesi who is going to leave for Vienna, has been presented with a most beautiful table service of massive silver by her pupils.

Mr. Ullmann has just been here en route for Denmark, where he is going to begin his next tournée in September next. He was extremely delighted with the immense progress, which his protégé (the highly gifted Hungarian) has made under Madame Marchesi's direction, in such a short time, and as this lady is going to Vienna at the end of September next, Mr. Ullmann has decided to leave the future musical star in question under Signor Marchesi's tuition in Cologne.

By the notice published in the last number of the *Musical World* I see that Miss E. Philp, the celebrated accomplished vocalist and composer, as well as Miss Sterling (the American Contralto) have been earning great laurels in Falmouth. Both Ladies are well known in Cologne the first one having studied the composition under Dr. F. Hiller, and singing under Mme. Marchesi here during six months, and the second one having been a pupil of our Conservatoire for nearly a year, and one of Mme. Marchesi's best pupils.

The prospectus for our next opera season is already published. The Frl. Scheuerlein and Radecke, pupils of our Conservatoire are re-engaged, and a third one, a contralto, Frl. Kirchner has been added to the troupe. New engaged are Frl. Brühl as *soubrette*, Frl. Humler (a pupil of Mme. Viardot) as *Coloratur Sängerin*, Herr Rüßner first Barytone, Herr Bretschneider Bass, and Herr Garso tenor. The tenor Götte as well as the Basses Borkowski, Lormann and Höfel are reengaged. As novelties we shall have *Mignon* and *Hamlet* by A. Thomas. *Die Katakomben* by F. Hiller, and *Die Gais von Cairo* by Mozart. *Nous venons!* Signor Marchesi has accepted, (out of all the singing-classes) the place of professor of the Italian language and Italian literature at our Conservatoire. Vale, in great haste.—Faithfully yours,

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

HOMBURG.—Mdlle. Ariôt has left. She was especially successful in the last operas in which she appeared—*Crispino e la Comare* and *O.ello*. Mdlle. Adelina Patti appeared for the first time on the 16th, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

THE EARLY YEARS OF GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

(Continued from page 585.)

Concerning the performance itself, on the 8th May, 1811, Weber wrote the following notice, published in the *Abendzeitung* of the period:—"Among the many art-productions which, for some time past, have delighted or wearied us, Scheile's oratorio, *Gott und die Natur*, with music by Meyerbeer, performed at the concert of the chapelmaster, Herr Weber, is in every way so high and distinguished a work that you will be pleased to hear a few details concerning it; it is the production of a very promising composer, uniting in himself great scientific knowledge with a perfect command of every technical musical resource. The plan of the whole is sketched out with rich variety, but without transgressing the law of unity. Glowing life, heartfelt sweetness, and, above all, the true power of soaring and fiery genius are unmistakably apparent. The first chorus in C major, and the following fugues are very wisely kept quite *mezzo tinto*, but I was struck by some little mutilations of the text. No. 2, 3, Rec. and Aria, E flat, bass; the quintet exceedingly expressive and truthful; it is followed by the air which is so sweet that I almost felt inclined to say it was a pity it was given to a bass-singer, had not Herr Gern sung it, and persuaded me that sweetness was at home on his lips. In this number the passage: 'Da winkt er dem Licht; es schwebt hernieder,' is very happily treated in quite a different manner from Handel's 'Es werde Licht,' by an astonishing and sustained *Ecc.* of the wind instruments. No. 4, 5, Rec. and Aria in B flat, sung by Herr Eunicke, became the favourite piece with the public. It might be said it was a pity that two airs with recitatives should be assigned to two male voices in succession at the very commencement, but the effect of the Flower Chorus, No. 6, rendered by only female voices, affords a marked contrast, like some pleasing form of light, and was the second favourite with the public; nay, it called forth a sonnet upon the composer (in fact, there are in the Berlin paper several poems upon the author and the composer); the harp accompaniment was unfortunately so weak that it could scarcely be heard. No. 7, Duet Aria, C major, in which there is, for a soprano air, unusual force (in my opinion, nearly the most lovely piece of all), and, in this spirit, rendered by Madame Schmalz. That this soprano air should follow the women's chorus, is, I think, a just cause for complaint against the composer. Both pieces lose in consequence. They might have changed places with one of the previous male airs, at any rate, with the bass air. No. 8 Chorus of the four Elements. A genuine contrapuntal masterpiece; Air, soprano; Fire, alto; Earth, tenor; Water, bass. Each Element first delivers its own song with a characteristic accompaniment; at the end, all the four songs with their four accompaniments are combined, making eight motives. Very logically consequent, and especially effective where the entire powerful *ensemble* is repeated *pianissimo* (in F major), and it is only when such feats of harmony are thus flowingly and naturally treated that they prove effective, which is seldom the case. No. 9, Bass Recit. No. 10, Chorus: 'Er war, er ist, und er wird sein.' Fine rhetorical development of a chorale-like four-part strain, with occasional solo of the four principal parts in E minor. No. 11, Duet between a Doubter and an Atheist, Tenor and Bass, alternating with a chorus of men preaching confidence and faith. The various cavatinas are portrayed in a remarkably striking manner, and the whole is very closely combined, the idea of having this serious subject treated only by men among themselves being very fine and philosophical. In G major. Appended to this piece is the chorus in C major: 'Hörst du die Posaun' erklingen,' where I was much pleased to find that the composer had not committed the platitude of actually introducing trombones. From this point, he grows greater and more sublime up to the end. The text passes to the universal Resurrection, when all that is dead will begin to live again. A soprano solo, accompanied only by a roll on the kettle-drum, follows *solissimo* the anxious stillness of a *Fermata*. Final fugue, motive A flat major, with which the composer combines a fiery movement of the violins, and dashes on, with immense vigour, to the end.—The instrumentation is everywhere well planned, original, new, and never overlaid. All the melodies, even the most captivating, are kept within the boundaries of the serious style, so that we can exclaim with Herr Gern, to whom they cried out at rehearsal, that he had sung like an angel: The music really

does come from heaven! May Herr M. B. continue to pursue the path of art with the perseverance, the zeal, and the modesty which have hitherto caused him to be so highly esteemed, and we can prophecy a rich harvest for art from one possessing such genius."

Thus far C. M. von Weber. The success of the work was indeed exceedingly great, and calculated to turn the eyes of the art-loving public with pride to their aspiring fellow townsman, who seemed destined to contribute his share towards raising his native place to honour and consideration.* Once more did Meyerbeer start for Darmstadt, to complete his work—which he had not suspended even in Berlin—on the opera of *Jephtha's Tochter*, and to show his old master his first spoils in art. But it was now Vogler himself who urged Meyerbeer's venturing upon the ice of the world, in order to prove that, having been thoroughly trained, he could firmly maintain an independent position. Vogler said he had no more to teach him; and that the young student must now learn art autodidactically in his intercourse with the world, and on his travels, so as to combine the wisdom of the school with actual practice. A touching and deeply-felt farewell followed, but however high were the hopes which Vogler might entertain of the future greatness of his pupil, the very boldest of them were probably far from soaring to the giddy elevation which Meyerbeer afterwards attained, thanks to his knowledge, energy, tenacity, perseverance, and, more than all, to his genius and talent.

Meyerbeer set out for Munich, where his first opera had been accepted, and where it was produced not altogether without success. But the book, which of itself was less calculated for an opera than for an oratorio, was written with an amount of conscientiousness, and an observance of the rules which there is an inclination to neglect rather than to adopt upon the stage. Thus the opera was unable to retain a hold upon the public, despite the extraordinary detached beauties which it contained, and which the critics of the day acknowledged in terms of praise. The young composer did not allow himself to be discouraged. He eagerly accepted a fresh book, in two acts, of a comic character, offered him by Herr Wohlbrück of the Theatre Royal, Munich, and entitled: *Alimalek, Wirth und Gast, oder aus Scherz Ernst (Alimalek, Host and Guest, or Joke and Earnest)* and could now feel sure of having a well devised libretto fitted for the stage. He set zealously about his new task, not omitting to appear before the Munich public as a pianist and extempore player, in which capacity he obtained enthusiastic applause.

For the purpose of completing his opera, he returned home, and wrote there a dramatic cantata, *Der Götterbesuch*, which was performed in 1813, on his beloved mother's birthday, in his family circle, but enjoyed no further publicity. It was found among his manuscripts after his decease. He finished *Alimalek* at his leisure, and took it with him to Stuttgart, where it was to be produced at the Theatre Royal.† Without achieving an extraordinary success, it pleased on the whole so much that the manager of the Kärnthnertheater, Vienna, immediately wanted it, and entered into negotiations with the composer concerning certain changes necessitated by local considerations. Meyerbeer proceeded at once to Vienna, and, on the very evening he arrived, had an opportunity of hearing the celebrated J. N. Hummel, the popular chief of pianoforte players. He at once felt within him the impulse to do as much as Hummel, and to obtain as a virtuoso, if not as a composer, the laurels he felt he deserved. He compared the principles of the Viennese school with those of the school to which he himself belonged; he perceived where he was deficient, and where his strength lay, and resolved to practise without cessation till he could enter the lists against any rival whatever. To effect this, he withdrew for nearly ten months from all society, and, by indefatigable industry, and the closest practice acquired everything in which he was wanting, especially a new mode of fingering. After this really fearful exertion, to which none but an artist with an iron will, who takes his art seriously, would subject himself, Meyerbeer appeared publicly as a

* Some weeks previously, on the 17th March, another work of Meyerbeer's, the 98th Psalm (according to Mendelssohn's translation) had been successfully performed at the Singacademie.

† To this period belongs, also, the composition of the Psalm, "Gott ist mein Hirt," for two choruses and two voices, performed on the 12th October, 1813, in the Singacademie, Berlin, as well as of a "Stabat Mater," a "Te Deum," and a "Miserere."

virtuoso, with a brilliant success that eclipsed all previous masters, so that the impression produced by his playing, which was in every respect splendid, long remained treasured up in the memory of the public. Owing to the fact that the Congress of Vienna happened to be held at the time, these concerts stood out in peculiarly vivid relief, the gentlemen—and ladies of the political world carrying the name of the popular pianist into all countries. Even Moscheles, whom the Congress had attracted to Vienna, where he was known and liked, hesitated appearing, because he feared to stake against the young Prussian, the professional reputation he had only just achieved. He subsequently said that, had Meyerbeer continued to follow the career of a virtuoso, there would have been but few artists in the world capable of measuring themselves with him.

To this period belong many pianoforte and other instrumental compositions of Meyerbeer's, which we have the greater right to term curiosities, because they have not hitherto been published, and are among his manuscripts that, for the moment, cannot be touched. We have often glanced in one or the other of them, and can assure the reader that they do not deserve the oblivion in which they languish. We can name from memory the following pieces as comprised among them:—1. A "Polonaise with Orchestra;" 2. "Two Pianoforte Concertos with Orchestra;" 3. "March with Variations;" 4. A great many books of "Variations;" 5. A "Grand Pianoforte Rondo;" 6. "Duets for Harp and Clarinet," written probably for the celebrated clarionettist, Bürmann, with whom he frequently played in public at that time, and for whom he wrote, also; 7. A Monodrama, *Les Amours de Thévelinda*, for soprano, chorus, and *obligato* clarinet, a piece repeatedly executed by Mdle. Harles and Bürmann.*

Yielding to the pressure exerted on him by the management, he at length produced, on the 20th November, 1814, *Alimélek*, but not successfully, so as to augment his reputation, for the opera did not please, or, rather, a concatenation of unfavourable circumstances did not permit the public to become familiar with it, as it was given only once. The music was too full of fine touches, and too difficult for a representation hurriedly got up. The part of Alimélek, intended for Herr Ehlers, had to be assumed, without due preparation, by Herr Forti. In consequence of this, the forms of the melody were altered, and robbed of their original charm, while entire pieces were transposed. The whole life and soul of the part, in which Ehlers would have been irresistible, suffered greatly in Forti's hands. Mdle. Buchwieser was unfortunate enough, on the evening of performance, to be indisposed and, on that account, so careless, that, though an acknowledged favourite with the public, she drew down upon herself, for the first time, loudly expressed disapprobation. It is clear that such accidents as these, leaving out of consideration a thousand minor circumstances, are sufficient to ruin a work of art, the existence and prosperity of which hung on such slender threads. A conjunction of similar causes jeopardized the success of *Robert le Diable*.

Meyerbeer was inconsolable at the failure of his work, which even strict musicians esteemed very highly. He would, probably, have renounced dramatic composition entirely, had not Antonio Salieri, the popular composer of *Assur*, guided by the most heartfelt interest in the promising young artist, sought out Meyerbeer, and comforted him with the treasures of his own experience. He advised him to go to Italy and study singing, the human voice, and the difficult art of writing properly for it. Meyerbeer, who had become acquainted with Italian music merely from hearing the operas of Nicolini, Farinelli, Pavesi, &c., at Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, and who did not entertain a high opinion of it, could not understand such advice. Trusting, however, to Salieri's experience and sagacity, and having previously entertained the notion of visiting Italy, he started, at the beginning of 1815, from Vienna, first proceeding to Paris, in order to render himself acquainted with the state of French opera, with which he had busied himself already in the years 1813 and 1814. Among his papers, we saw, dating from this epoch, a French score: *The Bachelor of Salamanca*, as well as an opera: *Robert et Elise*, in which we discovered various points of resemblance to the subsequent opera of *Robert le Diable*.

(To be continued.)

* Inspired by patriotic ardour, he dedicated to the great events of that period, the following songs: "Koniglied eines freien Volkes," words by Gabitz, for four male voices with brass instruments, and "Das Deutsche Vaterland," by C. M. Arndt, for male voices.

MUSICAL DOINGS IN HOLLAND.

The thirty-ninth general meeting of the "Maatschappij tot Bevordering der Toonkunst," or "Association for the Promotion of the Musical Art," was lately held at Amsterdam. Reference has already been made in our columns to this society, and the reader may, perhaps, be interested by the following short sketch, given at the meeting, of its doings during the past year.

The Association consists, at the present time, of thirteen Branch Associations, with a total of 2,082 active members, of whom 115 are musicians of reputation. It has consequently increased by about 160 members in the year. Out of the so-called "Artists' Fund," which has now reached the not inconsiderable sum of 31,000 guilders, twelve pensions were paid during the past year, and about 1,200 guilders have been set apart for the same purpose during the present year. The library of the Association consists of some 2,000 musical compositions and works on music, which are at the service of the Branch Associations, for the purposes of study and performance. It contains, with a sufficient number of vocal and orchestral parts for grand performances, 34 oratorios, 14 masses and requiems; 67 great, and 59 smaller, sacred vocal works; 34 operas; 40 symphonies; and 91 overtures. The above comprise, of course, the most important productions of old and living masters. The entire contents of the library are carefully registered in catalogues, of which a number are distributed among the members of each Branch Association at a low price. The accounts published at the last meeting proved the exceedingly prosperous financial condition of the Association. Besides the "Artists' Fund" already mentioned, the "Reserve Fund" possesses a capital of 56,000 guilders, while there is, thirdly, the "Musical Festival Fund," with 28,900 guilders, representing altogether a total capital of 115,900 guilders. This very satisfactory state of things enabled the committee, during the past year, to vote about 1,000 guilders for additions to the library, and about 1,400 guilders towards defraying the expenses of the Musical Festival held at Arnheim in 1867.

—How classical a course is followed by the Association is again evidenced by the grand performances of the past year. Among the works produced we find compositions by Bargiel, Beethoven, Max Bruch (2), Niels Gade (4), Grimm (2), Handel (3), Haydn (3), Heinze, Hol (2), Mendelssohn (5), Mozart (3), Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, and Weber. One fact highly honourable to the Association is that when it performs works by living composers, it forwards, unsolicited, what it deems a proper sum, or, as it is called, discerns them an honorary prize. Seven composers were remunerated in this way during the past year. Would that the Associations in other countries took this course as a model, and thus contributed their share towards enabling the creative composer to command a material independence resembling, at least in a slight degree, that which only the virtuoso can at present achieve. During the meeting, the prizes were awarded for the various subjects proposed at the previous general meeting. Among them was a prize for a catalogue of the eminent musicians and writers on music, from the earliest times to the beginning of the eighteenth century, who were born in the present kingdom of the Netherlands, or who lived there, together with an account of all that is known respecting their lives and works. A paper, written by a German, and bearing the motto, "Ars longa, vita brevis," was sent in on this subject, and a sum of 200 guilders was awarded to the author, though he was not considered to have treated his subject as satisfactorily as he might have treated it. Furthermore, the meeting placed at the disposal of the committee 800 guilders to be employed, during the coming year, in promoting: 1, Choral song; 2, Folks song, and especially school-song; 3, The education of young artists; and 4, In awarding honorary prizes to living composers. When we add that the "Maatschappij tot Bevordering der Toonkunst" entertains the notion of erecting in Amsterdam, the permanent quarters of the committee of the Association, which extends throughout the entire country, a grand building of their own, for the general meetings and musical festivals, we think we shall satisfactorily show that the Association has again given signs of healthy vitality. In the interest of art, and of intellectual culture generally, we trust that this admirable institution may continue vigorously to flourish!

PRAGUE.—A new opera, entitled *Die zwei Componisten*, from the pen of Herr von Flotow, will be produced about the middle of September.

Histoire de Pa'merin d'Olibe filz du ROY FLORENDOS de
 MACDONNE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remici s, Empereur de Constan-
 tinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angenin. A perfect copy of this
 extremely rare Romance to be sold for THIRTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 214, Regent Street, W.

BIRTH.

On the 23rd August, at 14, Dawson Place, W., the wife of HENRY WYLDE, Esq., Mus. Doc. Cantab., and of 152, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, of a son.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 214, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

OPERETTA AT PLYMOUTH.

IT is a "far cry" from Ruthin to Plymouth, but whether too far or not depends upon the traveller's object. Mine was English operetta, an article which, somehow or other, always needs to be hunted down in the provinces, and very frequently proves to be worth little when caught. I wonder if the latter fact accounts for the former, and if it be true that the Metropolis turns up its numerous noses at English operetta in sheer disgust with the shortcomings thereof. Many people (with whom I don't agree) say so; but, anyhow, the facts remain. The few lyrical English dramas we have seen born to trouble in town. If a rash manager take them by the hand, he inevitably burns his fingers; the public look at them askance, passing by on the other side; and they seem to exist at all only under the interest and tolerance bespoken by amateur performers. On the other hand, we find the provinces as regularly traversed by "companies" as they are by bagmen. The country town is always ready to give a more or less warm welcome to operetta, and it was to see the despised of London at home among friends that I went so far westward.

I found operetta at home in Plymouth in a very distinguished sense, for the people had elevated it to a position of county importance, after this wise:—Among their institutions is one for the relief of juvenile suffering, called "The Children's Wards," and it occurred to certain who lie in wait to do good (beholding "society" at hand, with all its means and appliances), that an amateur operetta performance would be just the thing to help the children's helpers. The thought was a happy one, and it spread till the list of patrons and patronesses included officials military, naval, and municipal, as well as county families in long array—till, in fact, there did not seem to be anybody who was anybody remaining unpledged to the success of the enterprise. Of course, all this enthusiasm was not in the cause of operetta; nevertheless, operetta was flattered by being mixed up with it, and Signor Randegger, whose *Rival Beauties* was the chosen work, must be regarded as a fortunate man. The result will appear presently; but, meanwhile, let me say a word about the *Rival Beauties* itself.

The plot of Signor Randegger's operetta is clear, pleasing, and

ingenious. It can be followed without much mental exertion (always a great advantage), and when followed a little way it becomes interesting enough to attract one on to the end. Some of its characters, too, enlist a good deal of sympathy, or else a good deal of admiration. To Lady Edith the former, and to Alice the latter must be accorded, while, *malgré* smuggled brandy, Captain Thomas Deloraine commands many good wishes. It is true that Sir Percy Ringwood, who would give his hand to one damsel and his heart to another, is not a Bayard, nor is the old Miller above taking a mean advantage; but, after all, they only represent humanity under temptation. There is more than a "touch of nature" about them, especially as they yield to temptation with readiness, if not alacrity. The dialogue put into the mouths of these personages is rarely wanting in smartness. Here and there it becomes euphuistic, and, consequently, weak, as, for example, when the pretended king's officer says to one of his men, "Be kind enough to relieve Sir Percy Ringwood of his sword"—a command more likely to root a full private to the spot in astonishment than to put him in motion. But this, and a few other kindred instances apart, the dialogue brings credit to its author, as do, in an equal degree, the verses for music. The latter are nearly innocent of nonsense, and many of them rise to the dignity of very respectable poetry. Signor Randegger, therefore, was fortunate in the possession of a good book—more fortunate still in being able to make good use of it. Throughout, his music is never commonplace, because, in union with fluent and appropriate melody, there is always some charm of treatment which marks the hand of an accomplished musician. I do not lose sight of the fact that the subject and situations are not calculated to put a severe strain upon the composer's powers. They demand only the capacity to write lively and agreeable, varied by agreeable and sentimental music. But in satisfying such a demand it is often made tolerably clear that the end of the tether is reached. Signor Randegger's work, on the contrary, proves that he could go farther with impunity. The proof alluded to is found more in the concerted pieces than in the songs, admirable as are many of the latter. There are some numbers in the *Rival Beauties* which show, by their structure, and, not less, by their dramatic propriety, that the composer might undertake a much more exacting task, and still keep within his means.

With regard to the performances (two), the managers did a wise thing at the outset. By securing the composer's aid as conductor, and giving him full liberty of action, they secured, also, a guarantee of whatever efficiency circumstances made possible. Signor Randegger in turn promptly called upon the quintet who had carried through his operetta at Cromwell House with so much success, and leavened the local orchestra with performers like Messrs. Watson, Burnett, Aylward, and Pratten. This done, everybody felt that the tremors incident to an amateur display were out of place; and hence nobody indulged in them, preferring rather to speculate on the coming gains. As a matter of course, there was some local excitement, which the apparition of Mr Lewis Thomas—in the shop-windows—armed to the teeth as bold Captain Deloraine, by no means tended to allay. This, however, was healthy, and tended to fill the well-appointed theatre with an audience disposed to be pleased with everything and everybody. It should be said at once that public good nature was but little tried, for the performance in all respects came up to (in some respects rose above) the average professional standard. The Alice Lynn of Miss Harriet Young, for example, was a well-defined individuality. Amateur characters are generally sketchy of outline, consequent upon an obvious mixing up of both the amateur and the character after the fashion of a dissolving view. But there was no jumble of Miss Young with the Miller's Daughter; the latter having it all her own way,

and doing her work so cleverly that, but for Sir Percy Ringwood being no great catch, one might have wished her scheme successful. Alice's fine-lady airs, when passing as the visitor from London, were equally admirable; and, in brief, the entire impersonation would have done credit to a professional artist. If Miss Young made less impression as a singer than as an actress, it was no fault of her own. She managed her voice with rare judgment, and had the still rarer good taste never to attempt feats beyond the limits of her natural capacity. The part of Lady Edith Carleton was taken by Miss Mitchell, who, unlike her playmate, made a musical rather than a dramatic impression. I need hardly go into details respecting the voice and style of this well-known and accomplished amateur. Both are familiar—by repute at least—to all who take an interest in such matters, and it will suffice to say that Miss Mitchell sang after a fashion which would put not a few professionals of standing to the blush. The Plymouth people (of whom she is a neighbour) were delighted with her efforts, and tumultuously encored every song. They must have done so had she been a stranger, for it was a rare treat to hear so rare a voice. Mr. W. H. Cummings made a capital representative of Sir Percy Ringwood. Attired for conquest in a uniform which suffered nothing by voyaging across the channel in a smuggler's sloop, he conveyed the notion all through of a young gentleman on excellent terms with himself, albeit given, now and then, to sentimental rhapsody. He made love to the rival beauties with eminent impartiality, and when both passion and policy indicated one of the two he abandoned the other with singular cheerfulness. Mr. Cummings' singing needs no description, and I shall only say that he never acquitted himself better (which is saying much), and certainly never met with an audience who more persistently encored everything he did. The somewhat colourless part of the Miller was appropriately filled by Mr. Barraud, to whom fell "A gentle daughter's love," one of the best airs in the work. Mr. Barraud will, beyond question, do more justice to it, and his part generally, when he is more accustomed to the glare of footlights. The entire performance was much indebted to Mr. Lewis Thomas's good judgment as Deloraine the bold Smuggler. There are smugglers and smugglers, and Deloraine might easily be either, for the librettist has judiciously left him to take his colour from the artist's idiosyncrasy. Hence, Mr. Thomas might have represented him as the sentimental smuggler, or—by a great effort—as the ferocious smuggler. He did neither, but came out strongly as the comic smuggler, loud of voice and of laugh, with a slight tendency to bad puns, and a curious disposition towards an elementary *cancan*. How much of life he thus imparted to the situations need no more be said than how much of effect his sonorous voice gave to the music. By virtue of both the presence of Deloraine was always welcome.

The conducting of Signor Randegger was admirable, the orchestra proved efficient, and the scenery and stage appointments left nothing to be desired. In all respects, therefore, operetta had a fine time of it in the far western town. How much the Children's Wards benefited I do not know, but nobody worked harder on their behalf than Sir William Mitchell, whose pretty seat at Ivy-bridge was the temporary home of the performers, and who, otherwise, was the life and soul of the undertaking.

THADDEUS EGG.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr. T. Hughes, pupil of Mr. Blunden, of Dudley, has been appointed organist of St. John's, Kate's Hill.

WIMBORNE.—A harvest thanksgiving, at which the Bishop of Worcester preached, took place on Sunday, in combination with the annual services and collections for the choir and organ. The performance of the anthems, "Sing a song of praise," and "Blessed be Thou, O Lord God of Israel," reflected much credit on the choir and their organist, Mr. H. G. Jackson of Kidderminster.

MONUMENT TO MENDELSSOHN.

THE following announcement has recently been made in the Leipzig periodicals, and we commend it to the notice of our English lovers of Mendelssohn:—

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

"Mendelssohn's greatness as a composer is mainly connected with the important work which he accomplished in Leipzig. It was from Leipzig that through his influence a nobler taste in music diffused itself far and near. It was from Leipzig that the works of the most eminent of his contemporaries, after being performed at the Gewandhaus Concerts under his direction, went forth on their career to other towns. It was in Leipzig that many of his own greatest compositions were first performed. A crowd of distinguished pupils testify to his success as a teacher in the Conservatoire which he himself founded there, and it was to Leipzig that he always pointed as his second home.

"Mendelssohn's Leipzig life, also—both artistic and social—forms the centre point of the undying interest which is felt in him by the whole of a grateful musical world—an interest which his followers are bound to perpetuate by some worthy memorial of his work. That this has not been already accomplished is a reproach which has been long acknowledged; and it is with the view of removing this reproach that the following gentlemen have formed themselves into a Committee for the erection of a Mendelssohn Monument in Leipzig on an appropriate scale, to which they invite the assistance of all the friends and admirers of the beloved master. Musical societies are specially invited to aid by performances for the purpose, the proceeds of which can be forwarded to the committee."

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"Mr. William Owen, Organist, of Dublin."

The above is one item in the melancholy list of victims to the Abergele catastrophe. Mr. Owen was the son of Owain Alau, musical director of the late Eisteddfod. He had attended that national gathering, and, when travelling homewards, there befel him so sad a fate. The dead is beyond our regrets, but to the living we may tender such consolation as sympathy can offer. That consolation will be forthcoming from everyone with a pitiful heart.

BADEN.—Herr Robert von Hornstein gave a concert at which only songs of his own were sung. The vocalist was Herr Lang, from Munich.—Madame Viardot-Garcia lately gave a *soirée* at her house, when the following was the programme:—Fugue, Bach (Madame Viardot-Garcia); Song, Hornstein (Herr Lang); Aria from *Fidelio*, Beethoven (Madlle. Lütke); Recitative from *Ariane*, by Monteverde, and Aria from *Alcina*, Handel (Madame Viardot-Garcia); Romance for Violin, Beethoven (Herr Grodvolle); Cavatina from *La Sonnambula*, Betini (Madlle. Murjahn); Duet from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Madlle. Murjahn and Basse); "Der Doppelgänger," Schubert, and "Frühlingsnacht," Schumann (Madame Viardot-Garcia).

THE AUTOGRAPH OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

We take the following from an article, by Mr. Joseph Bennett, in the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, which serial, by the way, is making rapid progress towards the front rank of its kind:—

"This *Messiah* score is an oppressive suggestive volume: giving rise to thoughts burdensome from their number and interest, and tantalizing from the difficulty of selecting which first to entertain. Choosing at random, one may begin by speculating as to where, and under what circumstances, Handel got through the work of writing its two hundred and seventy pages in twenty-three days. On these points, unhappily, history says but little. Still more unhappily, no gossiping diarist like Pepys, or admiring friend like Boswell, atones for the official chronicler's neglect. Hence the question has become a bone of contention, and biographers have worried each other over it with the usual unsatisfactory result. I am not going to discuss the claims of "Mr. Jenning's house at Gopsal" as against those of the metropolis, because, without additional evidence, no amount of discussion could settle the matter. Let me confess, however, to a fondness for believing that the *Messiah* was written in the quiet Leicestershire mansion. One likes to think of Handel, after the cruel struggles and bitter disappointments of his London life, spending the golden days of autumn amid the peace and repose of the country; working uninterruptedly at his great task the while with all the enthusiasm so happy a change would excite. Under such circumstances, one can half understand the sustained mental and physical elevation which alone rendered his twenty-three days' labour possible. To imagine that, broken in spirit, and worn in body and mind, he wrote the *Messiah* in his London lodging, amid the interruptions and distractions of town, is to accredit him with superhuman power. I prefer to see, in the MS. before me—proof to the contrary being wanting—the result of Handel's *villeggiatura* in that memorable autumn of 1741.

"But wherever the manuscript was written, its subsequent history is plain enough. On his deathbed, Handel seems to have had a strong presentiment of future renown, and, under its influence, he determined upon leaving all his manuscripts in charge of the University of Oxford. They had, however, been promised to his favourite pupil Smith, who refused 3,000*l.* rather than release the dying composer from his bond. Into Smith's hands they accordingly passed; and next into those of George III., thus becoming an heirloom—not the least precious—of the English Crown. If all accounts be true, the lodging of the collection in Buckingham Palace is as unsafe to the MSS. as it is discreditable to those in whose charge they are placed. Ten years ago an enthusiastic biographer, M. Victor Schœlcher, thus wrote:—'Buried in a sort of private office, and still kept in its poor original binding, it (the collection) is concealed from all the world; and I may say that, if I were the Queen, I should have those precious volumes bound in crimson velvet, mounted with gold, and I should have a beautiful cabinet to hold them, which should be surmounted by Roubilliac's fine bust, and supported by four statues of white marble, representing sacred and profane music, moral courage, and honesty. This I should place in the throne-room of my palace, proclaiming by this means to every one that it is one of the most invaluable jewels of the English Crown.' M. Schœlcher's dream has not yet been even distantly realized. The 'sort of private office' was described, the other day, as being over a stable, unguarded, and with its inestimable contents liable to a thousand mischances. Is it too much to hope that her Majesty the Queen, who graciously permitted the Sacred Harmonic Society to photolithograph the *Messiah*, will yet more graciously place Handel's eighty-seven volumes in the safe custody of our National Museum?

"It is easy to gain some insight into Handel's character from the volume under notice. We may laugh at the ladies and gentlemen who advertise their ability to tell us all about ourselves 'on receipt of own handwriting,' but they have merely pushed a truth far enough to make it ridiculous. This *Messiah* score is a case in proof. One does not want special powers to describe the kind of man who filled its pages; while the impressions conveyed agree in every instance with the statements of those who had the advantage of Handel's personal acquaintance. The changeable mood of the composer, for example, is accurately reflected in his manuscript. At one time he writes calmly, and with as near an approach to neatness as he is capable of making. At another, he seems to have a rush of ideas with which his pen cannot keep pace, though it flies over the paper at speed, and by no means stands upon the order of its going. At another, it is plain that he labours hard, grows fiercely impatient of errors, and dashes huge ink-strokes through them, or else smears them with his finger after the fashion subsequently adopted by Mr. Samuel Weller. No equable self-contained musician could have produced the *Messiah* manuscript. It is the work of one quick to feel, and by no means scrupulous about manifesting all he felt. Not less evidently was its author a man of careless habits. Accepting the testimony of this volume, it is impos-

sible to suppose Handel worrying himself over a refractory neckcloth, or severe with his tailor because of an imperfect fit. A more untidy manuscript can hardly be imagined. So few pages are free from blot and smears that one is driven to suppose that the master, in moments of abstraction, scattered ink about. Moreover, the work is as innocent of penknife marks as a banker's ledger. Mistakes, great or small, are either crossed and recrossed, or swallowed up in blackness according to the humour of the moment. Something, too, of his physical personality can be gathered from the writing. It must have been a heavy hand that penned such coarse, rude characters. No quill could account by itself for notes with heads so huge and tails so haunting. The *Messiah* score, in point of fact, is just what might have been expected from the burly Saxon. It reflects his physique not less faithfully than the splendour of his genius.

"Interesting as it is to observe all this, and more that cannot be dwelt upon here, the attraction of the volume lies in the fact that it shows us the *Messiah* as that immortal work first sprang from its composer's brain. Conscious of the importance of his sacred oratorio, Handel expended upon it a good deal of loving care; touching and re-touching so long as anything seemed deficient. By help of the *fac-simile* before us, every change thus made can now be noted; we are admitted into the sanctum of the mighty magician, and can learn the process by which his results were produced. But no sooner is the volume opened than we are astounded at the little alteration Handel thought it necessary to make. Bearing in mind the unexampled rapidity with which the work was thrown off, and the fact that Handel had a habit of writing without pre-arranged ideas, the completeness of his original draft would be incredible but for the testimony of the MS. Nor is our astonishment lessened by the knowledge that Handel, as was his custom, used over again some of his old material. After making full allowance on this head, the work still remains a memorable example of perfection from the birth, and more than anything else deserves to be called the Pallas of music."

The remainder of the article is devoted to showing, by help of illustrations in music type, how far the *Messiah* of Handel's first thoughts differed from the *Messiah* of his second. This being so, we need not point out what interest the August number of *Macmillan* has for every admirer of the "sacred oratorio."

M. STRAKOSCH AND HIS CAGE.

(From "Le Figaro.")

... Seeing the cage empty, M. Strakosch wept.

"My warbler is gone," said he; "what will become of me?"

All at once his eyes fell upon an American paper. He read, in the following terms, that a star had appeared in New York:—

"Miss Minnie Hawk is a young lady of seventeen years, and of extraordinary beauty. Her voice exceeds in compass those of the most celebrated singers. Every time that she sings, her triumph is such that the hall is shaken to its foundations. Public enthusiasm approaches to madness, and 'La Diva' is almost swept away by the avalanche of flowers and crowns thrown upon the stage."

Three seconds after M. Strakosch sent a telegram to his brother Max in New York, begging him to engage the transatlantic idol at any price—hence, the cage is no longer empty.

An American friend who has heard Miss Minnie Hawk assures me that the Yankee story exaggerates nothing. He has seen her in *Romeo et Juliette* and declares that she eclipses Madame Miolan-Carvalho. Her voice has an irresistible charm, and recalls the vibrations of crystal struck by a pad of velvet (*sic*).

Miss Minnie Hawk is engaged at Covent Garden for the next season, and London is not so far away but that we may hear in Paris the echo of her marvellous organ.

BEWLEY.—The first meeting of the Choral Society was held on Tuesday, at the Town Hall. *Samson* and Haydn's *Spring* were rehearsed.

WALTER BERWICK, Esq.—Of the many victims to the late accident at Abergyle, none will be more regretted in Dublin and its neighbourhood than the above gentleman. He was a zealous, but discriminating patron of music, and his dearest delight was to employ his wealth in affording aid to struggling talent. Many a poor professor will feel his loss. With the conspicuous rectitude of his character, there were blended a lovingness of disposition and an amiability of manner which secured for him affection as well as admiration. In the wide circle of his friends and acquaintances his sad fate will leave a dreary blank. The lamented gentleman was Judge of the Bankruptcy Court, in which capacity his unvarying courtesy won for him high esteem. Peace to his manes.—B. B.

MUSIC IN VANITY FAIR.

(From the "Gentleman's Magazine.")

Besides the public concerts, festivals, and operas, there is other music going on in Vanity Fair which makes no little noise, and which is likewise influenced by the weather. Its performers indulge in part-singing, oratorios, and heavy music generally in the winter, and get up Italian *scenas*, ballads, and lighter compositions, in the summer time. Will you go with me to Lady Mortgage's "afternoon music," in Belgravia? It is a crowded assembly—a very crush—some of the guests are sitting on the stairs. Nearly all the fair sex present are in bonnets. One or two have thrown off their dainty head-gear—they are the amateurs whose performance constitutes the "afternoon music." The young lady at the pianoforte, talking to the accompanist, is a high soprano, very particular as to her runs and shakes. She is instructing the *maestro*, who seems half afraid of her. The stern-looking dame in the doorway, her maternal parent, peers round the room with an air as much as to say, "My daughter's going to sing; and if you talk I'll eat you." No fear, my dear madam; your daughter's singing will command attention. The heat is oppressive; the fans in motion keep up a sort of golian accompaniment to the amateur *prima donna's* vocal gymnastics. Her grand *scena* comes to an end at last, and the melting audience make themselves warmer by applauding. They wait languidly for a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed damsel to sing an English song—the trait of London society, possessing more true music in her little soul than the Patti of the stage can boast of. Behold the enchantress, as she is taken away from among her friends in the furthest corner of the room. The hostess leads her to the piano, at which, with the most artless simplicity and grace, she sits down, and accompanies herself in a song Sullivan has written for her. It is a treat to listen to such singing. With no apparent effort, the effect is that which only a sympathetic voice and pure artistic feeling can produce. All she does seems facile enough; but compare her performance with that which is coming after, and you will soon acknowledge its superiority, even if her singing has not touched your heart, which I very much doubt. After the song comes a fashionable *tenorino*, with very little voice, but a great deal of affectation to make up for it. He gets warm—ings out of tune, and makes a most extraordinary noise, unlike any other noise you ever heard, when trying to get out a high note. The "quack" makes him hotter, and he finishes his *aria* more or less in confusion. Lady Mortgage thanks him for the pleasure he has afforded her friends, and the *tenorino* believes, after all, he has distinguished himself. Then come some duets or trios, in which one of the singers is sure to blame the other inwardly, if not audibly, for having been a bar too soon or a bar too late. Some one is expected, who has not yet appeared. It is a *tenore di forza*, in the Civil Service, who at length shows himself. Lady Mortgage rushes at him, playfully abuses him, and is determined he shall make amends for his want of punctuality. The *tenor* is made more of than would have been the case had he been up to time. *Il s'est fait devouer*, and does not regret it. A French song from the *Spout Child*, and a duet between him and the amateur Patti, terminate the "afternoon music." The hour for the Park has come, and, as it is *de rigueur* for all true pleasure-seekers to idle away a certain number of hours during the day in that part of Vanity Fair, we will leave them to do so, there being, sad to say, very seldom any music in the Park to listen to.

REVIEWS.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by LINDSAY SLOPER. No. 11. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THE pianoforte pieces in this number are "Flower-de-Luce," a reverie by Walter Macfarren, and "Le Sourire," a mazurka by Henri Roubier. The former is easy and pleasing if not very remarkable. The latter has more than the average merit of its class. Signor Randegger and Mr. E. L. Hime contribute the songs. That by the Italian composer is a setting of words by Francesco dall' Ongaro, translated by Campbell Clarke, and entitled "The Butterfly and the Flower." Notwithstanding an awkward clash between the verbal and musical phrases at the outset, the song will be welcome as an example of graceful and effective writing. Mr. Hime's contribution is a ballad of the conventional type, called "Twenty years ago."

The Pretty Rose Tree. Ballad. Words by THOMAS MOORE; music by T. DAVENPORT CHATTERTON. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

THERE are some original features in this ballad which take it out of the ruck of its kind. Its rhythm, for example, is piquant and uncommon. In this respect it has a fair claim upon attention.

The "Cead Mille Failtha" Galop. Composed by FLORENCE DE POTHONTIER. [Dublin: M. Gunn & Sons.]

THIS was intended as a musical welcome to the Prince of Wales, and if the Royal visitor failed to appreciate it, he clearly added another to

the many "wrongs of Ireland." The galop is full of life, and does Miss Florence much credit.

Io la Perdu. Romanza di TITO MATTEL. [London: Hutchings & Romer.] A CLEVER and spirited composition, likely to sustain the reputation made by "Non e ver." It is written in F major, with a moderate compass of voice, and no very exacting accompaniment.

The Blind Boy. Song. The words by C. CIBBER; music by E. A. SYDENHAM. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A VERY good, albeit somewhat ambitious setting of Cibber's well-known verses. It shows a good deal of feeling in conjunction with not a little taste and skill. The song will repay attention.

My Own Dear Home. Ballad. Composed by H. T. TILLYARD. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

A GENUINE ballad, simple, unpretending, and pleasing. There is a smack of the antique about the melody, which adds to its charm.

Part-Music for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Edited by JOHN HULLAH. Sacred Series. Part 9. [London: Longmans, Green, Reader, & Dyer.]

IT will suffice to give the contents of this number without note or comment. They are—Croft's anthem, "We will rejoice in Thy salvation;" Palestrina's motet, "Be not Thou far from me;" Calcott's canon, "Thou shalt show me the path of life;" a motet by Jannaconi, "The voice of joy and health;" and another by Dr. Tye, "Mock not God's name." All the above for one shilling.

Marion. Song by Mr. Sims Reeves. Composed by WILLIAM HAIN. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A SONG with one half of each verse accompanied by the melody in octaves for right hand, and tripled chords for left, varied in the other half by reversing the arrangement. We can see nothing more destructive about it.

The Proserpine Waltzes. Composed by KING HALL, and performed at the Theatre Royal, Holborn, in *Foul Play*. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

A SET of waltzes much too fair to be associated with anything "foul." There is plenty of tune in them of the right sort. The title-page is adorned with a very striking, though, perhaps, impossible landscape.

Exeter Hall. A Sunday Evening Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 7. [London: Metzler & Co.]

THE contents of this number include a very charming little song by Henry Smart, called "The White Dove." It is a children's piece, and gracefully has the talented composer written for his youthful constituents. There are also an "Evening Hymn," music by G. A. Macfarren, and a song by J. P. Knight, "Creator, when I see Thy might," the latter having little of a true sacred style about it. As usual, the pianoforte and harmonium are supplied with appropriate selections, among those for the latter instrument being the March in *Judas Macabæus*.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

The question, "What are the American public like?" is one often asked by English and foreign artists, whose ideas of the country and its people are commonly derived from anecdotes and the writings of facetious gentlemen. How muddled and incorrect are their preconceived notions they themselves discover on their arrival in America. A New York audience—not referring to the Bowery *locale*—is in some respects a very discriminating assembly, slow in applause, and unemonstrative of their likes and dislikes, except in particular instances, where the one touch of nature asserts its proverbial predominance over all national distinctions. The education of the people being in no way sectional or the result of privilege, the occupants of the cheaper seats are almost as capable as their richer neighbours of forming an opinion on the merits of an actor or a play. In this respect they are like the higher class audiences of London theatres; but it is owned by Americans themselves that their marks of approval are more limited than is consistent with their appreciation of artistic worth. Applause is the breath of an artist's life, and should not be withheld when honestly deserved, from mere laziness or indifference. Every one must have observed that on the first night of a new piece, the applause is louder and more frequent than on the succeeding evenings, and many people incorrectly ascribe that to the author's friends. The real explanation of this is found in the fact of there being present a number of people who are themselves intimately connected with the stage—actors, authors, amateurs, and the outer fringe of the profession. These are capable of judging minutely whether an artist has done well or ill with the part, and neither laziness nor false modesty prevents their testifying their approval when it has been gained. A piece may be, too often, rubbish from beginning to end, yet the house may ring with applause, caused by the excellence of some actor or actress's reading, or the

creation of character in some apparently trivial part. Plaudits under these circumstances invariably come from those who understand the mysteries and niceties of dramatic art, and are worth untold quantities of the noisy approval that proceeds from a clap-trapped gallery. That characteristic of a New York audience, to which exception may be most justly taken, arises from their love of dress. An actress's popularity too often arises from her ability to appear in expensive dresses, while merit is often invisible to their eyes when clothed in garments of a cheap material. This arose in a great measure from the freak of a celebrated actress, whose exceptional wealth enabled her to appear in almost royal garb, but her retirement from the stage failed to eradicate the evil she had introduced, and the spectacle of a poor girl arrayed in the glories of a standing-alone silk is by no means an uncommon phenomenon. Time will mend this, but the critics have not yet made war on an order of things that calls to mind the early days of the drama, when Nell Gwyn and her associates were wont to frolic about the stage in the richest dresses they could get, regardless of the presumable garb of the characters they impersonated. "A beggar in satin" is an exaggerated term, used here when speaking of the dresses worn on a particular stage, but, like all such sayings, is founded on fact, and has about it a certain smack of truth.—*Broadway.*

MODERN WORDS AND SONGS.

(From "Punch.")

Sir,—Many have been the sneers raised by yourself, among the rest of your enlightened contemporaries, at the idiotic words advertized as the choruses to the music-hall comic songs, as parodied and performed at the theatres where burlesque is the chief attraction. Learned and wise correspondents have also shown that our forefathers, with their "Jarvey, Jarvey," "Rum, tum, tidly, iddy i do," and a very ancient one which I recollect as being the favourite of a pensioned family butler, "Rickamy caryme mickle morl morl mingo," were not one whit more sensible in their musical mirth than our comic songster of the present day.

But, Sir, what and if I bring the charge against the immortal Bard! The Sweet Swan of Avon? Had Shakspere lived now, enterprising speculator as he undoubtedly was, should we not have seen in the papers some such advertizements as the following:—

ROYAL GLOBE THEATRE.—Immense success.—Unprecedented Hit. Exciting Drama of thrilling interest at 7, entitled OTHELLO, or the MOOR OF VENICE, by the Author of "Macbeth," "Hamlet," &c. After which at 9.30, an entirely new and original Burlesque, written by W. Shakspeare, Esq., entitled, THE COMEDY OF ERRORS, in which are sung the most popular songs of the day, written by the same Author.

HEY NONNY NONNY!—Sung amid rapturous applause by Miss Lillia Johnson in the Burlesque, and encored five times nightly.—GLOBE THEATRE.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY.—Sung by Mr. Jeames, and enthusiastically re-demanded every Evening.—GLOBE THEATRE.

SAMINGO! SAMINGO!—The Great Trio, sung by Miss Rowland, and Messrs. Doer and Dunter, four times every night.—GLOBE THEATRE.

IN PREPARATION.—A Grand New Spectacular Extravaganza, with New Scenery, Dresses, and Music, entitled THE TEMPEST, or, THE ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENTS.

Then, when this had been produced, we should have another set of advertizements:—

'BAN 'BAN CA CALIRAN.—The Great Song vociferously re-demanded seven times Every Evening by an enraptured audience. Sung by Mr. Doer in W. Shakspeare's New Nautical Extravaganza, THE TEMPEST.—GLOBE THEATRE.

BEAUTIFUL BALLET.—Every Night. Ceres, Juno, and Iris, in their Pas de Fascination.

COCK-A-DOODLE DOO AND BOUGH-WOUGH CHORUS.—Enthusiastically Encore'd in the New Extravaganza.—GLOBE THEATRE.

With all the due submission, and being perfectly aware that I have not exhausted the subject, I beg leave to suggest that in the matter of words for choruses our ancestors, including the Divine Williams, though they lived before, were not so very much in advance of us.—Yours respectfully,

LITTLE WARRLER.

An influential committee has been formed to present a testimonial to Mr. James J. Gaskin, the well known teacher of singing, for his exertions in connection with the Burke statue recently erected in Dublin. Mr. Gaskin took the initiative in the movement, and mainly secured its successful result.

WAIFS.

M. and Madame Gueymard have been separated by judicial decree.

The composer of *Martha* has just married his cousin, Mdle. Rosa de Flotow.

Mdile. Nilsson has been unwell lately, and *Hamlet* has given way to *La Juive*.

A new dancer, Mdle. Marchetti, is making a great sensation at Florence.

The annual brass band contest at Manchester will take place on September 6th.

Madame la Marquise de Caux has had an enormous success at Baden in *Lucia* and *Don Pasquale*.

What musicians should be deputed to perform on the Thames Embankment?—Th'wait(+).

M. Padeloup has determined to signalize his direction of the Lyrique, by at once producing Wagner's *Rienzi*.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts begin on October 3rd, and it is understood that early in the season, another grand symphony by Schubert will be introduced.

A grand congress of military bands is to take place at Baden, on the 30th inst., under the direction of M. Fr. Schwab. Three hundred and fifty instruments are expected.

M. Roger has signed an engagement to appear in a drama by George Sand, at the Porte Saint Martin. The *début* as an actor of the once popular singer will be awaited with interest.

The façade of the new Opera is about to be crowned by a colossal group representing Apollo between Poetry and Music. The sculptor is M. Aimé Millet; the material, bronze gilded.

M. Ullman is organizing a gigantic concert tour through Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Poland, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, and France. Among the artists engaged are Carlotta Patti, Vieuxtemps, Jacquard, Jaell, and Grutzmacher.

The suit instituted by M. Blaze de Bury against the executors of Meyerbeer for the possession of *La Jeunesse de Goethe* (the libretto of which he wrote), was to have been settled at the close of this week. We shall give the result in our next.

The Agricultural Hall will be opened on the 16th September, for a short season of concerts, oratorios, &c. Several novelties will also be introduced. The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Benedict and Mr. Charles Goffrie. Several artists of eminence in the musical world have been engaged.

The annual "outing" of the German singing societies in London came off the other day. The members marched in procession to Bishopsgate Station, took train to Epping Forest, sang for two hours, and, to quote *La Menestrel's* description of the event, "la journée s'est terminée par des divertissements de toute nature."

The following gentlemen received crosses of the Legion of Honour on the occasion of the Emperor's fête day:—M. Dauverné, a conservatoire professor for thirty-five years; M. George Hainl, the conductor; M. Eugène Gauthier; and M. Camille Saint Saens, organist of the Madeleine. In one country, at least, musicians are among those whom royalty delighteth to honour.

A French contemporary informs us that Mr. Benedict will give an orchestral and choral concert in Paris some time next winter, the programme to be selected from his own works. M.M. George Hainl and Vauthrot are spoken of as conductors, the solos to be taken by Alboni, Nilsson, Faure, and Gardoni. "This will be a true musical feast," says our contemporary. Meanwhile, how about Mr. Costa's *Naaman*?

Mr. Brinley Richards is about resuming his pianoforte recitals in the provinces. He begins at Clifton, on September 11th and 12th, after which he appears at Weston-super-Mare and Bath. The programmes will, as usual on these occasions, consist of one part classical and one part popular music, the latter entirely from the pen of Mr. Richards himself. There can be no doubt that success awaits the enterprise.

The Orpheonists of Grenoble, having refused to sing the cantata of M. Belmontel, expressly composed for the inauguration of the statue about to be erected at Grenoble in honour of Napoleon I., were asked by the municipal authorities to reconsider their decision. They did so, and again refused by a majority of 48 to 21, on the ground "that agricultural, mutual, academical, and musical societies had been repeatedly told from the highest quarters that they had no right to interfere in politics; that they felt bound to defer to such high authority, and could, therefore, take no official part in the inauguration of the statue."

The organ to be used at the forthcoming Gloucester Festival is being built by Messrs. Bryceson Brothers, on the "electric" principle. It will have two manuals and pedal 25 stops, and 1234 pipes. Subsequently it will be erected in Christ Church, Camberwell, the body of the instrument standing in a chamber over the vestry, but the organist sitting with his choir, and playing through a cable fifty feet in length.

M. Offenbach has placed in the hands of the director of the Variétés the music of a new opera, entitled *La Périole*. The authors are, as usual, M.M. Meilhac and Halévy; while Mdlle. Schneider and M. Dupuis are again to take the principal characters. *Après* of M. Offenbach, it may be added that Mr. Bateman's troupe, including Mdlle. Irma Marié, has appeared at Niblo's Garden in New York,—it is said, with great success.

The Ballad Society, which at first intended to begin its publications in 1869, finds its work so forward that it will now begin in 1868. In December, therefore, members may expect Part I. of the Civil War Ballads, from the King's Pamphlets, edited by Dr. Rimbault; and Part I. of the Roxburghe Ballads, edited by Mr. William Chappell; both with *fac-similes* of the original woodcuts, drawn by Mr. Rudolf Blind, and engraved by Mr. J. H. Rimbault.

Baden-Baden is now attracting a number of musical celebrities; among others, Signor Bottesini, Herr Rubinstein, and Herr Wilhelmj. We read in *La France Musicale* that an unpublished concerto for the violoncello, by M. Eckers, *capellmeister* at Stuttgart, was heard for the first time there the other day. It was played by Herr Cossman; and the journal from which we quote expresses the hope that it may replace Romberg's eternal concertos. In truth, the violoncello is badly supplied with solos.

La France Musicale gives a curious list of the refreshments taken by distinguished operatic artists between the acts. According to our contemporary, Madame Sontg affected sardines, Mdlle. Dorus cold veal (!), Mdlle. Desparres warm water, and Mdlle. Cruvelli Bordeaux mixed with champagne, Adelina Patti drinks beer, Mdlle. Sass eats beefsteaks, Mdlle. Cabel devours pears, Mdlle. Trebelli munches apples, Mdlle. Lucca sucks pa-tiles and bon-bons, Michot imbibes black coffee, Troy swallows milk, and Mario smokes cigars.

In the libretto of Wagner's new opera of *Rienzi*, which M. Pasdeloup is preparing for the Théâtre Lyrique, there is a scene in which the factions of the Colonna and the Orsini cry on the one side and on the other "Vive Colonna," and "Vive Orsini." The censor trembled at the latter cry, and of course insisted on its excision. "The librettists," says the *Indépendance Belge*, "may get out of the difficulty by substituting 'Vive l'Empereur' for 'Vive Orsini.' History perhaps might suffer somewhat, but the public peace will not be endangered.

It is understood that Mr. Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, has yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and the temptations held out to him for some time past, and that his appearance on the platform will be among the novelties of the coming dramatic season. He is to sustain the character of Falstaff, in scenes from Shakspere's *Henry IV.*, so selected as to form a series of *tableaux*. The performances are not to take place in any theatre, but will belong to the class of amusements recognized as entertainments, although the action and costume of a stage play will be, in part, retained.

Our provincial readers will be glad to hear that Signor Bettini, now in Rome, is expected to return in time for Mr. Mapleson's winter tour. The very efficient service rendered by this gentleman during the entire season at Her Majesty's Opera has materially raised him in public estimation. Always to be depended upon, ready to undertake anything in a true, artistic spirit, invariably singing correctly and well, and combining untiring industry with abundant resources, Signor Bettini has made himself indispensable to Mr. Mapleson's admirable company. We are glad that he returns to England, where his services are justly appreciated, and his merits valued at their true worth.

It seems that the dearth of poets in Wales, evidenced by the untended bardic chair, is no new thing. Looking over an old magazine lately, we came upon the following:—

"Cambria, te nunquam charos peperisse poetas
Fertur pace tua, Cambria, causa patet,
Nam licet innumeros Ap-Shones, Ap-Shinkins, Ap-Evans,
Jactas, in terra est nullus Ap Ollo tua."

This, being (very freely) interpreted, means:—

"Said Johnny to Taffy, a rumour prevails,
There never arose up a poet in Wales,
Ap-Shones and Ap-Shinkins in multitudes follow,
But whoever heard of the Cambrian Ap-Ollo?"

Perhaps the Welsh genealogists will look into the matter by next Eisteddfod.

General Charles G. Halpine, the American journalist, better known as Miles O'Reilly, died on Saturday, the 2nd, at the Astor House, New York, after a few hours' illness, of congestion of the brain. The deceased was in his 39th year. During the war he served on the staff of General Hunter, and it was while in that position, says the *New York Times*, that he wrote to one of the New York papers an amusing correspondence signed "Miles O'Reilly, private of the forty-seventh regiment N. Y. V. Infantry, Tenth Army Corps." Miles gave a very ludicrous account of the trouble he had got into by writing some poetry complimentary to Admiral Dahlgren, of how he had been thrown into prison and maltreated in various ways. For some time the correspondence was supposed to be genuine, and much commiseration was expressed for the poetic but unfortunate Miles. The truth, however, came out at last, and from that period to the day of his death General Halpine was better known by the name of Miles O'Reilly than by his own.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says:—"In the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge is Queen Elizabeth's Music-book, containing compositions for the pianoforte, or virginal of her time. The Queen is said to have been a skilful musician. Some pages of the book have been evidently often turned over, others but seldom looked at. The leaves that are soiled are those on which the simplest tunes are written: the others contain the variations and more intricate passages. Although her Majesty has the reputation of having been an accomplished performer upon the virginal, this music-book proves that she was wont to skip the more irksome compositions, and indulge in the less laborious pastime of playing the tunes only. It is an easy way of acquiring the reputation of a pianist, to get together many of the most difficult pieces of Thalberg, Liszt, and others, and play only the melodies they arrange, avoiding the brilliant passages which are so difficult to master, and often so puzzling to listen to. I rather think Queen Elizabeth did this with the music of the Liszts and Thalbergs of her day, judging from her music-book."

SPA.—MM. Léonard, Beriot, Jourdan, and Arban gave a concert together, a few days since. M. Léonard was especially applauded.

HECTOR BERLIOZ AND HIS CONDUCTING-STICK.—In the year 1854, the above celebrated French composer visited Leipzig, and introduced some of his more important orchestral compositions to the audiences of the Gewandhaus. The lively son of Gaul, as impetuous as full of action, was a very different kind of conductor to what the worthy Leipzigers had ever seen before. He endeavoured to render his grand *Crescendi* and *Decrescendi*, his *Fori* and his *Piani*, his *Allegri* and his *Adagii*, intelligible to the orchestra by the most extravagant feats of "bodily plastic equilibrium." "He frequently disappeared from the gaze of the public altogether, in order to come to a satisfactory understanding with the kettle-drummer or the double bass player right at the back of the orchestra. When he had arranged what little difficulty there might have been, he would re-appear and make his way again to the conductor's stand. On one occasion, however (it was in the "Queen Mab" portion of the *Romeo and Juliet* Symphony), his excitement reached such a pitch that he completely forgot the length of his arm, and sent the bow flying so violently out of the hand of the leader, Herr David, that it described a most extensive arc and fell at the feet of a lady in the very middle of the audience.

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Addio del Passato (de Verdi). Transcription Variée ...	4 0
Una notte d'Estate. Nocturne	4 0
Etude de Concert	5 0
Dancing Leaves	4 0
Mergellina. Barcarole	4 0
La Harpe. Romance	4 0
Souvenir d'Italie. Nocturne	4 0
La Gaité. Scherzo	3 0
The Fairy's Reverie	4 0
La Mandoline. Etude Caractéristique	4 0
Oh dear! what can the matter be? Transcribed ...	4 0
Quadrille Brillante (for Piano). 1st Set	4 0
9/8 Waltz	4 0
Non e ver. Brilliantly Transcribed	4 0
Bloom is on the Rye. Brilliantly Transcribed ...	4 0
Marche Orientale (Bottesini). Brilliantly Transcribed ...	4 0

Grand Valse. Arranged as a Duet	6 0
Quadrille Brillante. For Piano as Duets	4 0
Orphee aux Enfers. Divertissement pour Piano à quatre mains	6 0
Eco di Napoli (Tarantella de Bevnigani). Duet	5 0

VOCAL MUSIC.

Tornera. Romanza	3 0
Ma cosa vuoi da me. Canzonetta	3 0
Vo Danzar (Valzer). Sung by Mdle. CARLOTTA PATTI ...	5 0
La Pesca (Canzone). Sung by Mr. LEWIS THOMAS ...	3 0
Mergellina. Sung by Signor STAGNO	3 0
Il farfallone. Sung by Signor FERRANTI	3 0
Non e ver (Romanza). Sung by Signori CIABATTA e CARA- VOGLIA	3 0
Non torno (Romanza). Sung by Signori CIABATTA e CARA- VOGLIA	3 0
Lo scapato. Sung by Mr. SANTLEY	3 0

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